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December 30, 1977

Adm. Stansfield Turner
Director Central Intelligence Agency
Langley, Virginia

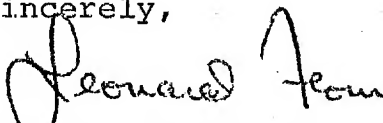
Dear Mr. Director:

I've submitted this to the N.Y. Times on
December 30, 1977 for publication on the OP-Ed
page. Hopefully it will be printed, but in the
event it's not I thought you should read it.

Would you be so kind as to forward this
after you've read it to Mr. Colby.

Thank you.

Sincerely,


Leonard Flom, M.D.

LF:ac
Encl.

(EXECUTIVE REGISTRY FILE *Public Affairs*)

WHEN ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

By Leonard Flom

The man was 45 years old. He complained of pain behind his eyes, periodic twitching of one lid and recurrent headaches. The worsening headaches were beginning to affect his work, and since he was an FBI agent that was potentially dangerous for him, and perhaps indirectly, for some of us too. I examined him, told him there wasn't anything wrong and delicately suggested that possibly his symptoms were psychologic, job-related, tension manifestations.

"I'm not surprised", he sighed, "The job's not what it used to be anymore. The esprit de corps and pride in the Bureau are all but gone. We're very demoralized."

His mood became bitter, then he spit out, "The press is having a field day with us, and they haven't finished yet with Hoover. Frankly they frighten the out of me. No matter what Hoover was or did personally, while he was Director I was proud of the Bureau, now I'm not so sure."

He went on reflectively, "Some of our superiors, the men we've respected for years, are being forced to resign in disgrace. More and more I'm seriously thinking about getting the Hell out before some wise-ass reporter publicly shames me and my family. Who knows, I might be the next agent indicted for breaking and entering in the line of duty."

Then he paused, shrugged his shoulders, smiled sadly and added, "You know, Doc, it's no consolation, either, knowing that I'm not the only one in the Bureau who feels this way. I've got lots of company...lots."

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If what he told me is even half truth then all of us ought to seriously consider the consequences of that psychological demoralization. We need these people because we depend upon them for our security and our survival. Are they all bad? It's a ridiculous rhetorical question, but bad press has raised doubts in the minds of many honest men, about themselves and their public image.

Were the finger to point back to the press could they say, unhesitatingly, that they have not been responsible for prematurely and unfairly terminating several honorable careers? Sometimes fatally. Is the Fourth Estate guiltless? Are they inflicting unnecessarily cruel punishment on presently honest men continuing to drag out relentless revelations of past indiscretions by dismissed and discredited FBI and CIA individuals who committed excesses in the past? If perhaps this is so, and the constant, remorseless, repetitious disclosures are affecting the morale and performance of decent, honest public servants who frequently work under hazardous conditions, in thankless anonymity, then it's time that some citizens come to their aid for a change and cry out, "Enough is Enough!"

"J'accuse" in no way diminishes the debt of gratitude I owe to the members of the press who by their perserverance and courage safeguarded my rights and liberties. They did this sometimes at great risk to their own careers which were threatened by men who abused power. I'm everlastingly thankful to them for exposing and bringing pressure to bear upon those who may have wanted to

deprive me ~~Approved For Release 2004/03/16 : CIA-RDP80M00165A002500040001-3~~ behind a shield of national security. There were nameless reporters who worked countless hours for all of us, and they too are decent, honest men and women who we've also come to depend upon as essential to the security and survival of our democracy. In the performance of their work, some reporters were unheralded; however, most had a by-line. A few were publicly acclaimed and one or two received a Pulitzer Prize. Can it be said unequivocally that there has been no irresponsibility on anyone's part in the quest for this coveted award?

Contrast this to a person profiled in the N.Y. Times one day last week. A quiet, unassuming, hardly noticeable man who also worked in my behalf. He jumped behind enemy lines in World War II, not once but several times on secret missions. Whatever medals or recognitions he received were given to him privately. He wasn't permitted to tell his friends about them and probably wouldn't have if he could. The medals weren't listed in the Times profile, but there was a picture of him which showed a spectacled, grim, tired man who had just given frustrating testimony before a Senate subcommittee. His small, sad, twisted smile reminded me of my patient, the FBI agent, only this man, William Colby, used to be Director of the CIA.

He didn't leave his company publicly acclaimed with honors. On the contrary I suspect he probably left with headaches, the same type of recurring ones that now plague my FBI patient.

For what it's worth I'd like them both to know publicly that I'm grateful to them.

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EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAT

Routing Slip

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Remarks:

ER will forward to
mr Colby

Executive Secretary

1/6/78

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